Chinese store. There are no flowers about it, but trampled earth and dirt. There will be yellow dirty children and a woman in black with black trousers. Within you will see shelves containing canned foods, of all sorts, fly-blown advertisements, filthy paper, copies of old American newspapers, empty boxes and more dirt. There is also a smell. These things strike you, for the Tahitians are clean. They bathe twice and more a day. There are no old cans, dirty papers and empty boxes about their houses* And though to-day you have to search to find a real native, though Western villas accumulate dirt, yet still the half- and quarter-castes are clean. The bed at the chief's house at which I slept was spotless.

But the Chinese are set for a sign in the land. In a little it will be wholly Chinese, They save, they work, they buy land, they conserve it by sound dispositions—not leaving it in

the simple silly Tahitian way to the family or families of the owner to be divided up infinitesimally and tin-profitably, and they are priests and prophets of Commerce and Trade. They buy what the land produces and send it away, and they import what